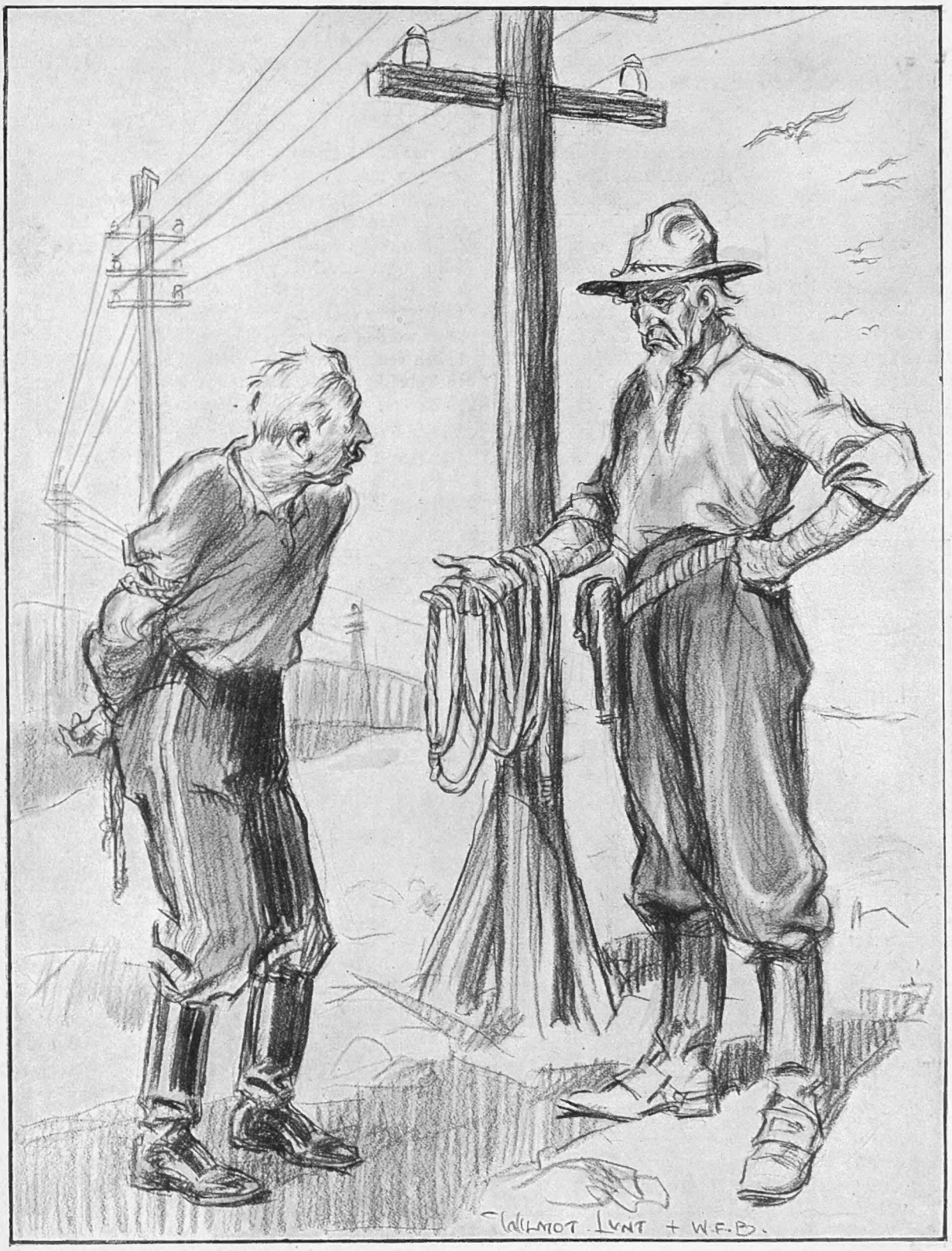
The Bystander, August 22, 1917.—No. 716. Vol. LV.

The BYSTANDER



19 . . ?

UNCLE SAM: "You'd 'stand no nonsense from America,' eh? Well, I guess you'll find there's no nonsense about this h'yar rope!"

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

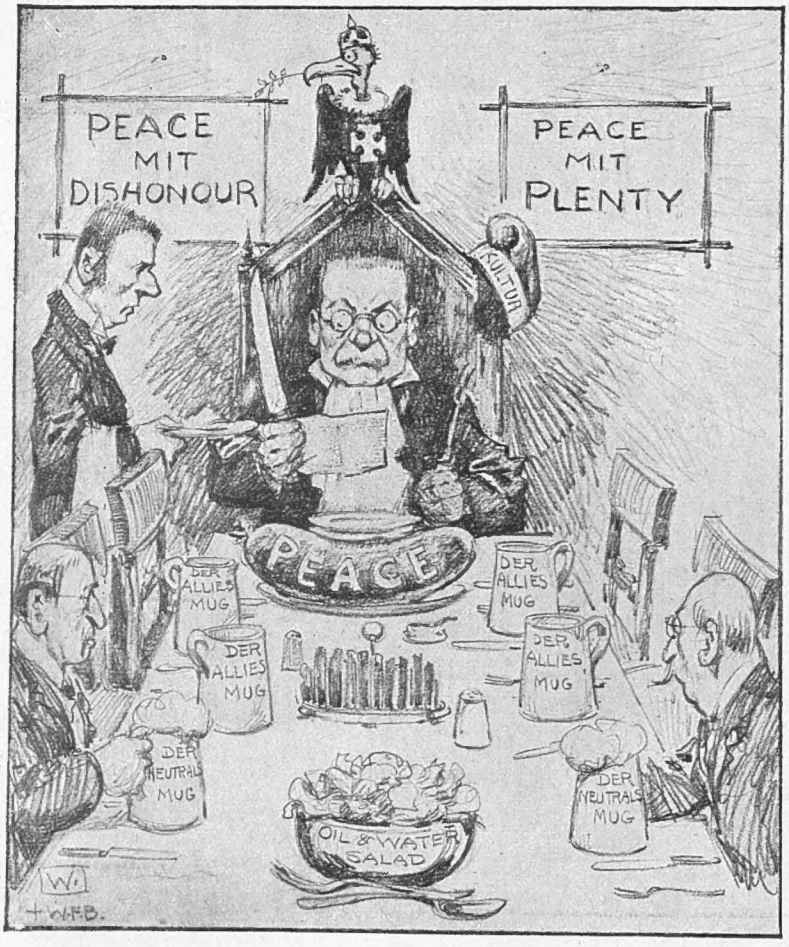
Nibbling

THE Flanders push continues. Here and there a slight set-back, due to very heavy counter-attacks, gives the enemy a chance to beflag Berlin in honour of another "magnificent German victory;" but the Germans who look at the map instead of the official *communiqué* have little cause for rejoicing. Joffre has found a fine successor to his "nibbling" methods of warfare in Haig, except that Haig's nibbles often assume the proportions of mouthfuls. North and south of Ypres the Allies' line advances steadily, and every day sees more ground wrested from the Hun "for keeps." Indeed, the only way in which the enemy manages to keep his spirits up is by taking a hint from our own "rumourists" and pretending that our objectives were much further east than those actually attained. If this pleases him it certainly doesn't hurt us.

Two Kinds of Engine-Drivers

I.

"OUR airmen's activities commenced before dawn, and were continued uninterruptedly throughout the day."—BRITISH OFFICIAL.



MAKING THE BEST OF THE WÜRST

THE HUN HOST: "Our dear vriendts cables dot dey vill not be mit us; so ve vill have to disguss dis lofly sausage mit ourselves"

II.

"The Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen held a secret conference on Friday with a view to striking to enforce their demand for an eight hours day."—DAILY PRESS.

"Comment?" Oh, dear, no!

Names of Ill-Omen

THE mythical old lady who found so much delight in "that comfortable word Mesopotamia" would have no sort of a following amongst those who have tasted the alleged pleasures of that delectable land for themselves. Experiment not infrequently destroys theory; and perhaps the ex-Tsar will have just the opposite experience in Siberia, which has been the stock word of horror for all writers of Russian stories for half a century past. It's a far cry from Tsarskoe Selo to Tobolsk, though, and Nicolas, last of the Romanoff Emperors, will have plenty of time to meditate on the topsy-turviness of life in these hustling days.

Palatable Truths

THE Premier's speech to the House of Commons on Thursday was a welcome change from the gloomy whisperings of long-faced croakers, of which there have been more than enough lately. To give the unpalatable truths a rest and let us have some of the palatable ones was rare and refreshing; and the figures which Mr. Lloyd George gave, both with regard to the lessening tonnage sunk by submarines and as to the new acreage under cultivation for home production were fully satisfactory. It does nobody any harm to be bucked up a little now and then, but it is to be hoped that the country will not take the Premier's cheering words as a signal to relax care with regard to rations. Economy in rationed foodstuffs is still the absolute duty of all decent people; and those who, for example, still palter with the bread ration by not reckoning in flour, as many do, must be given a jog by somebody.

The Pope's Eirenicon

DATED from the Vatican, Benedict XV.'s Peace Note bears marked signs of having been inspired by, if not actually drafted in, Vienna. And since Austria has been the cat's paw of Germany ever since the end of June, 1914, it may be taken for granted that the contents of the Note were well-known, and perhaps even reluctantly approved, in Berlin before the Papal dove directed its flight to

(*Continued on page 337*)

Pacifism as a Disease

("TREATMENT BY SUGGESTION")

MEDICAL HYPNOTIST (at work on Comrades Snowden and Macdonald): "Ah! Splendid!! The sub-conscious brain is beginning to work be-autifully! Two of the most stubborn cases I've ever encountered, too! There are signs of a dawning sense of patriotism already!"

["*A Physician*" *in the* "*Morning Post*" *describes a possible treatment by* "*suggestion*" *for those suffering from acute pacifism, which is obviously* "*a disease known to the alienist as mental inversion*"]

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. 2.30 and 8 p.m.
CHAS. HAWTREY, THE SWINBURNE BALLET, MELSA, ALFRED SUTRO'S "The Marriage . . . . will not take place"; The Abbey Theatre Dublin Company in "HYACINTH HALVEY," MALCOLM SCOTT 'Phone: Gerrard 7541.

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(The Revue starts at 3 p.m. and 9 p.m.)
"ZIG-ZAG!"
Production by Albert de Courville.
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Alec Fraser, Cicely Debenham, George Clarke, Daphne Pollard, Etc.
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THE GEORGE EDWARDES Production. EVENINGS, at 8.
Lauri de Frece, Mark Lester, Bertram Wallis, Thorpe Bates, Mabel Sealby, Faith Bevan, Kathleen Courtney, etc. Mats., Tues. & Sats., at 2.

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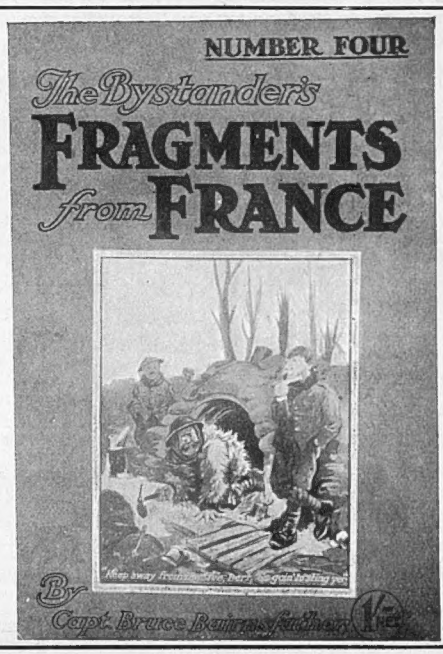
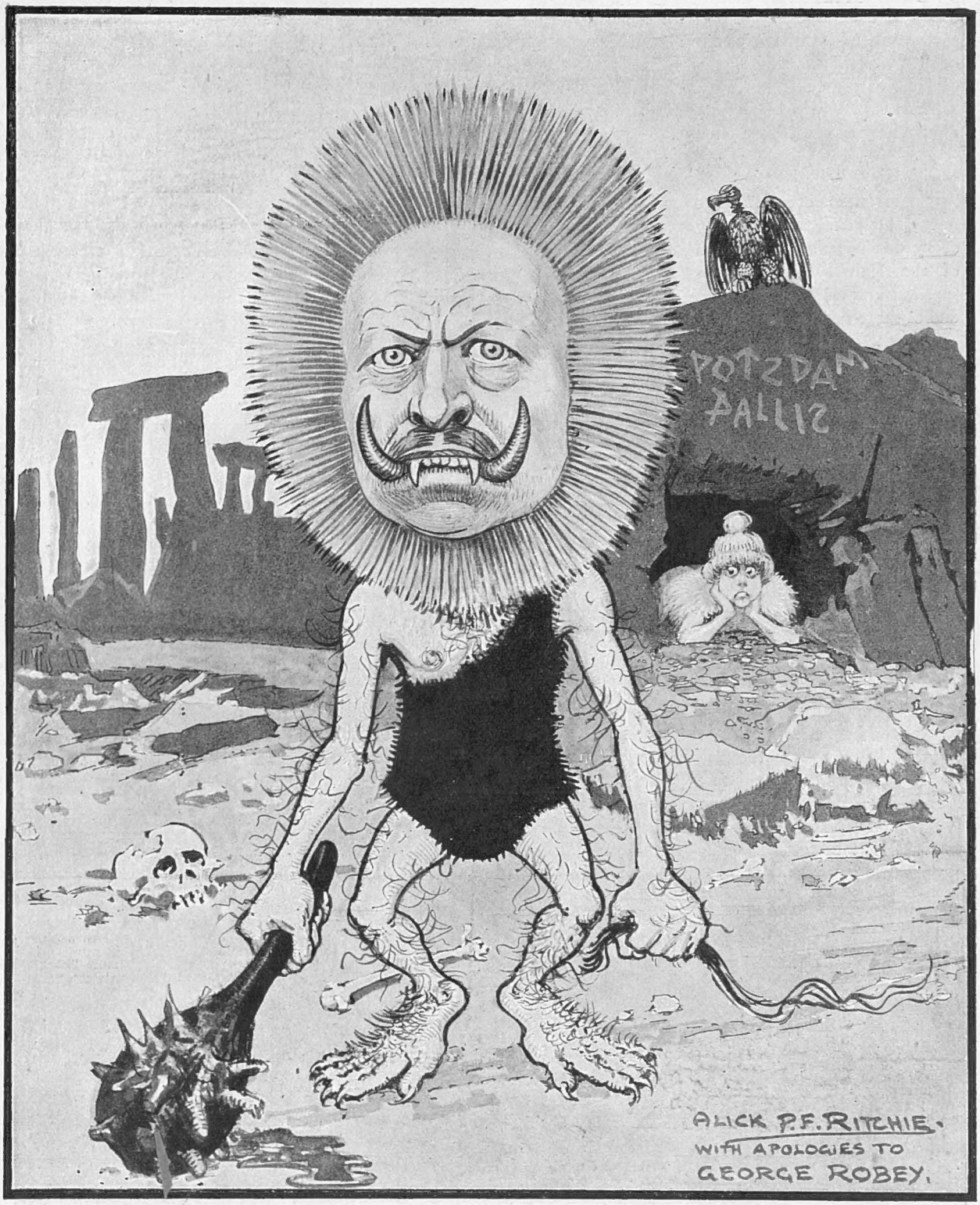
This Coupon does not insure against War Risks.

Millions of "Fragments."

THOUSANDS of people are going to the "Oxford" every week to see the Bairnsfather play—"The Better 'Ole."
And thousands more will be going week after week for a long time to come.
But while the play attracts thousands, it is in hundreds of thousands, and in millions, that the readers of "Fragments from France"—the pictures which formed the basis of the play—are to be counted.
Already nearly two million copies of the "Fragments" have been sold. These must have been read, at a low estimate, by fifty million people. A single copy travels far—especially in the trenches!
The fourth volume, completing a set, is out this week, and bookstall people are said to be asking for police protection from the public, infuriated because the stocks are always sold out a quarter of an hour after they're put on the stall.
The fourth volume contains some of the best of Bairnsfather's work, and is the "best seller" of the lot.
The printing machines have been printing "Fragments," without ever stopping, for the last eighteen months. Of each volume 60,000 copies have gone to the Dominions, Colonies, and America.
And you may be sure there are some even in Germany!
Of course you have the first three volumes already.
Be quick and buy the Fourth; and send to the Publisher of the "Bystander" for a binding case to take all the four volumes.
Then, if you haven't got a really satisfactory answer when your grandson asks you "what you did in the Great War," you'll have something to choke him off with! "Fragments" will keep him amused, and quell his inquisitiveness.





GERMANY'S "FIRST MAN"

the Governments of any of the Allies. The Note may be taken as the terms on which Austria would be ready, in any case, to conclude peace; and what Germany might possibly consent to put up with if the defection of Austria were, otherwise, assured.

An Austrian Peace

I SAY "Austria's terms" because, while the Note lays down as a basis the return of the parts of France and Belgium held by the enemy in exchange for the return of the German colonies, it is ominously silent with regard either to the evacuation or the future independence of Serbia and Rumania, who may be regarded as the special victims, for the time being, of Austria. But only for the time being, since they would certainly be eventually swallowed up by Germany, who sees the road of possible expansion now barred everywhere except to the East. This reflection should be none too pleasant for her Bulgarian and Turkish allies, who would also be swallowed—though it might prove a very indigestible meal! But even if it were satisfactory in every other respect, the Pope's eirenicon would fail, since it includes an agreement for universal disarmament and compulsory arbitration—our old friend, the "League of Nations," in fact, in a slightly different dress. Here it is that the Allies are not

(Continued on page 338)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

likely to have anything to do with it; since such an agreement, to be of any use in abolishing war, must be kept, as well as made. And, somehow, the Allies consider that the signatures of Habsburgs and Hohenzollerns to "scraps of paper" of this (or any other) nature are not quite good enough. And with reason.

"Old Glory" in London

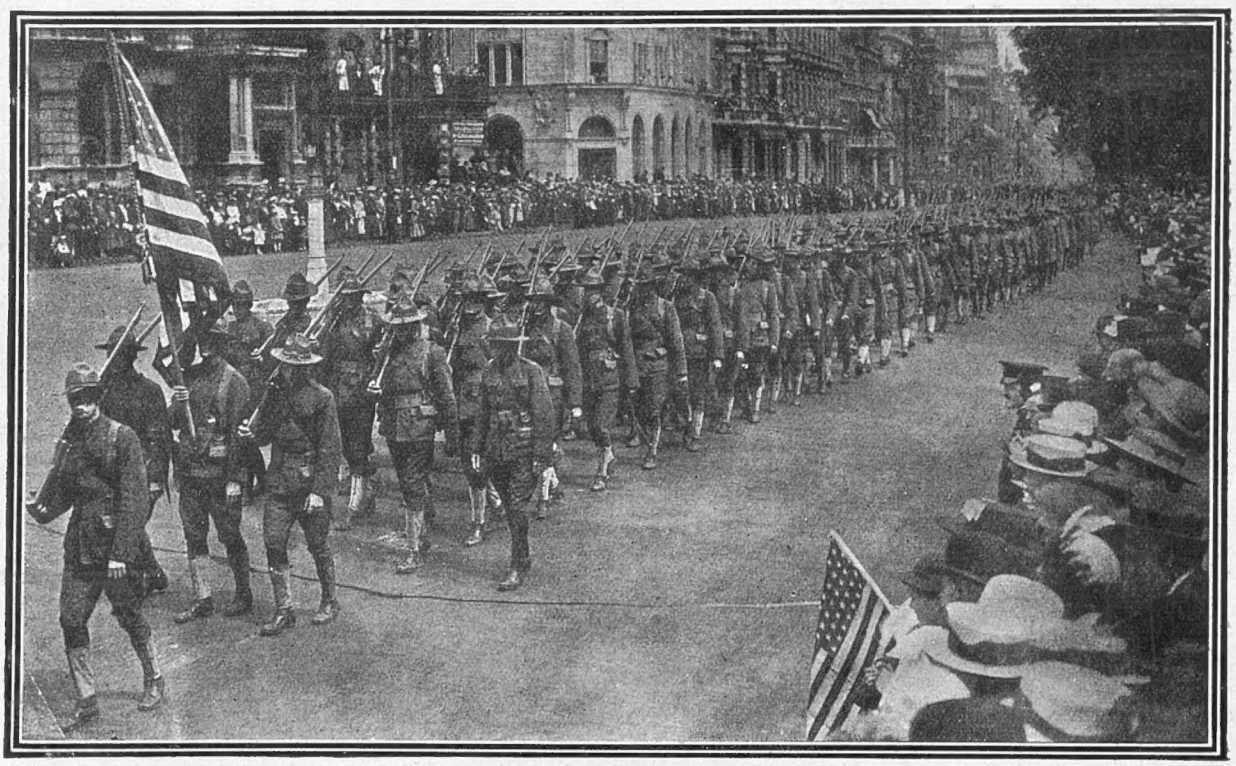
"Historic events" are happening pretty nearly every day now, but the march of the United States troops through London last week was one of more immediate interest than some which will only be known when the history of the war comes to be written. As one of Kipling's rudimentary heroes remarks, "All the thinkin' in the world ain't like kissin'"; and so it is even with more sophisticated and philosophic individuals. To see the thing with your own eyes beats imagination every time; and the sight of those stalwart battalions of American troops was as good a heartener as London has enjoyed for a long time past. The Americans, rather to one's surprise, did not put all the best strawberries at the top of the basket; the first battalion, indeed, though fine lads enough, looked as if they had had quite enough of it by the time they got back to Waterloo; but the succeeding battalions went from strength to strength, and marched with the glorious swing of veteran soldiers. Yes, America is in it with both feet all right.

KING AND PREMIER

The King and Mr. Lloyd George outside Buckingham Palace after watching the American troops march past

The Abolitionists

It is an odd thing that the men who really *do* things generally have four letters to their names. Long abolished hydrophobia, and now two others in one week spring to fame. Cave has abolished the taxi-whistle fiend and Mond the grille of the Ladies' Gallery. The departure of the grille will doubtless be very welcome to those ladies who delight to attend "historic debates," and to the legislators who feel the fountain of their oratory flow more freely under the sweet stimulus of a smile. It will have the further advantage of saving time—how many hours have been wasted in discussing the grille question in past years? But the ladies will complain that the privilege is of little value, since they can't get a taxi to go down to the House in. Perhaps they'll be able to borrow a car from some Government Department! Anyway, the taxi-whistle fiend is no more; and the Home Secretary, with far-seeing wisdom, has prohibited, besides the whistles, "any other loud noise." So that the taxi-driver will no longer "answer to 'Hi!' or any loud cry"—not that he has done so for some time past!



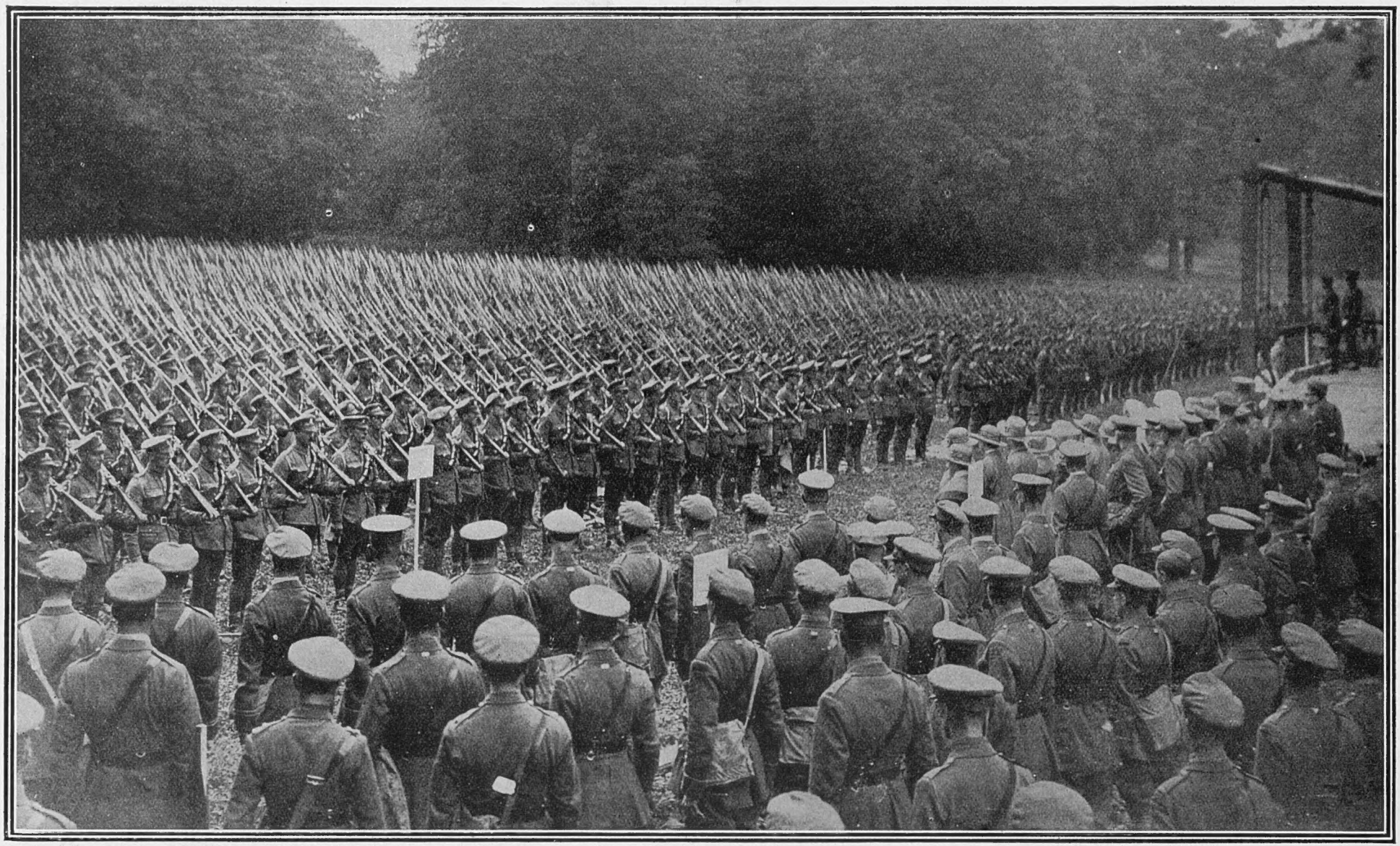
"OLD GLORY" IN PICCADILLY

Wednesday's procession of the American troops now in this country through the West-end was an inspiring sight. But why can we not have more of these marches, and why cannot some of them be made by men of our own infinitely varied armies from all over the world? This is the sort of "Flag-Day" we can all put up with very cheerfully indeed

Finding the Pea(ce)

Poor dupes! They'd be very much wiser
Not to play these Peace games with the Kaiser

Hoping for the Harvest



This striking official photograph shows the arrival of British troops at the great service held to mark the beginning of the fourth year of war—a year in which we all hope that our armies and those of our allies may reap in joy the harvest of the seed which they and those who have gone before them have sown in patience and in pain

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *August* 20, 1917

DEAR COUSIN—

THE very latest, the *Gehenna Gazette*, has just reached me, being the summer number of the *Hades Herald*, which is the (un)official organ of that illustrious institution, the Inns of Court O.T.C. It's a delicious production—even for the mere outsider like me. So to the "Devil's Own" I guess there's even more in it, especially if they see themselves in those perfectly *sweet* studies of rather dinky "devils" in various stages of their military career, which are the work of one Private Brook Greaves, a member of the corps. Being nothing if not in the movement, the *G.G.* has plenty of verse (which is now, as you know, the fashion) in it.

HERE'S one bit, after Shakespeare:

The Corps is but a stage
And all the men therein are merely players. . . .
First the recruit, inquiring when, and where,
And who, and why, and what? a prey to care. . . .
Next comes the fledgling soldier, scorning drill . . .

Then the cadet with super-super hat,
Whose trench coat vies with charity in that
It covers up a multitude of sins,
And ends about the place where it begins—
Leaving the passer-by in puzzling doubt
That one frail man should carry so much coat.

And—

There was a young woman named Meg,
She was bathing one day in a keg,
When a chap, in alarm, said "I see your arm,"
She said, "It isn't my arm; it's . . . marvellous the funny things you do hear nowadays."

is the output of a poet who's evidently rather great on the ablutions question.

THE censor forbade a sonnet entitled "Night Ops," which is, as the editor says, "a pity in some ways, for there was something approaching Elizabethan fervour in the line—

Base, black, bloody, baneful business

But, after all, this country is at war (*vide* Press). But I hope there'll be room next time for the "Ballad" of a lance-corporal, in which he describes how he trained an earwig to drag a pull-through down his rifle, and also for that "Epistle to a Sergeant," which contained the plaintive plea—

Please do not tire us out, or injure
Us with your daily dose of ginger.

"Then the cadet with super-super hat"

I MUST stop quoting or this won't be a letter from Blanche, will it? But here's just one more little one, for luck. It's a question on initiative in a recruit's passing-out examination paper—

When wearing a Burberry, unofficial boots, gloves, and cap, and taking his sister (say) for a walk (out of bounds) a recruit is saluted by a sergeant, who mistakes him for an officer. What course should he pursue (*a*) before and (*b*) after the sergeant discovers the mistake?

"We're now to be narrow and straight once more"

GOOD spirits men are always in—haven't you noticed it?—when they get away, *right* away, from *us*. Sometimes, you know, I become almost an advocate for the harem system—as far as the relations of the sexes are concerned, anyway. Man may not be made to live alone, but he's certainly not made to live with women *all* the time. You see, we *age* men—"a wife in the house is a critic on the hearth." With us, as the superior animal, if not the wage-earner and all that, man has to put off childlike things and keep on keeping on being grown-up. Alone with his fellow-men, one of a thousand others, none of them their own master—Richard is himself again! It's schooldays, 'Varsity days *in perpetuo*—and he loves it.

EVEN the great lovers heave sighs of relief when the loved one is gone! Don't you remember the end of a passionate episode in Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe?*

And after she was gone he returned to art, his old companion. . . .
Oh, the peace of the starry sky!

Horrid thought, isn't it? But true, I'm afraid.

JUST why men get on together such lots better than women ever do I don't know quite, except that woman, I suppose, is more a creature of emotions—and other women's

(Continued on page 342)

emotions are the *last* thing that interests women. Still, we're learning, and we're improving, if it took the war to do it. Idea is, you see, that if you're doing a man's work you may as well practise his virtues too, and the pettier feminine foibles certainly do take on rather the appearance of a wash-out when you're an honoured and valued, even if insignificant, member of such a formation as the new W.A.A.C., for instance. That, being interpreted, is, you know, the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps—and *that*, being interpreted, is that a woman is to be substituted for a soldier in all those jobs where she can do as well as he does, and he can do better in the fighting line.

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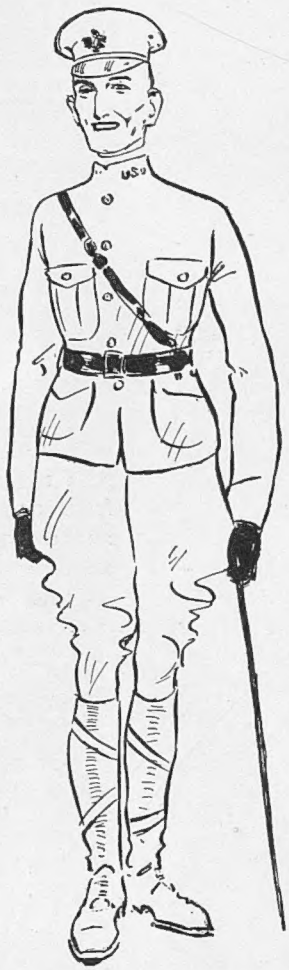
BUT, Lord! *How* fast the world does travel, doesn't it? I mean, *what* would our Victorian great-grandmothers have said about it? And not only our great-grandmothers. . . . The wives of bishops and things even to-day are not only shocked, they are *grieved* by the masculine trend of modern femininity. Without the help of women the war could not only not be won, it could not even be waged, we have been told, for women's help in war-time is far from concerning itself only with those jobs which were once considered "suitable" to her delicate constitution and her general flabbiness. Yet it is still possible for egregious Victorians publicly to implore women "not to ape men."



"A U.S.A. Gunner Officer"

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TALKING of women, a member of the (once) weaker sex is part-author of a new play of the week—Miss Tennyson Jesse, who has written *Billeted*. Her charming book, "Secret Bread," is one of the novels of the year, you know, a book full of deep thought and deeper aims—no mark of the "flighty feminine" about it, I assure you This, on marriage, is, indeed, philosophical enough almost to have been written by a man, isn't it?

Marriage, even the most idealistic of marriages, must blunt the edges to a certain extent. You may call it growing into a saner, more wholesome view of life, or you may call it a blunting of the edges—the fact is the same. Marriage is a terribly clumsy institution, but it's the most possible way this old world has evolved, and it always comes back to it after brave but fated sallies into other paths.

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ON the eternally interesting topic of youth the authoress of the week speaks in the name of modern woman. Youth, she says, is the only thing worth having—but how quickly youth fled. Life seems to her hero a shining ribbon that was always being pulled through the fingers, inexorably fast, cling as they might. . . . "And when he was old he only knew that for real youth again, for perfect ease of body, he would give everything, short of his immortal soul."

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IN England now, though Parliament's risen, there's still too much talking, and "over there" some terrific fighting, as the daily casualty lists only too poignantly prove. By the way, there's at last a book out that's a *real* book about the war—"Under Fire," by Henri Barbusse. But I do not recommend it to those people who still think war something of a game, for they will not like it. It tells the truth, you see, and about the war, as someone has said, that's not yet been done. All the same, there are two sides, even to war. It is true, as it is said in "Under Fire," that "war is a frightful and unnatural weariness, water up to the belly, mud and dung and infamous filth . . . an endless monotony of misery, broken by poignant tragedies; and not the bayonet glittering like silver, nor the bugle's chanticleer call to the sun."

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BUT there's another side to the picture, too. "I have just been over a battlefield I knew well," a soldierman writes me, "and I was amazed to see how Nature had striven to hide the ghastliness of it all by a riotous growth of grass and wild flowers. The wild red poppy was predominant—a garden of sleep in very truth. Poppies had covered up all except the pathetic little wooden crosses dotted all over to show where our brave hearts are resting—oh, the pity of it all!"

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MY first letter from one of our newest Allies has also just reached me; and Helen's drawing him, though she says she's rather a child in matters of American uniform. "You have received many letters from uncivilised parts of the world—from Africa and India, Mesopotamia and other unmentionable places—but did you ever get one from such an absolutely benighted spot as this (to wit, an officers training camp at Plattsburg, N.Y.)? I doubt it. And yet you might not find it such a frightfully impossible place if you were here, for there are 5,000 of the country's best learning hard how to strafe the Hun.

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"I'VE read you under the Mexican sky, on the Texas border, and, now that at last we are Allies, I suppose it's not improper to write and tell you how much you and THE BYSTANDER help to cheer soldiers, even if they are Americans. Only one thing, Blanche—please tell me I'm the first American soldier to write you. That would be something worth while."

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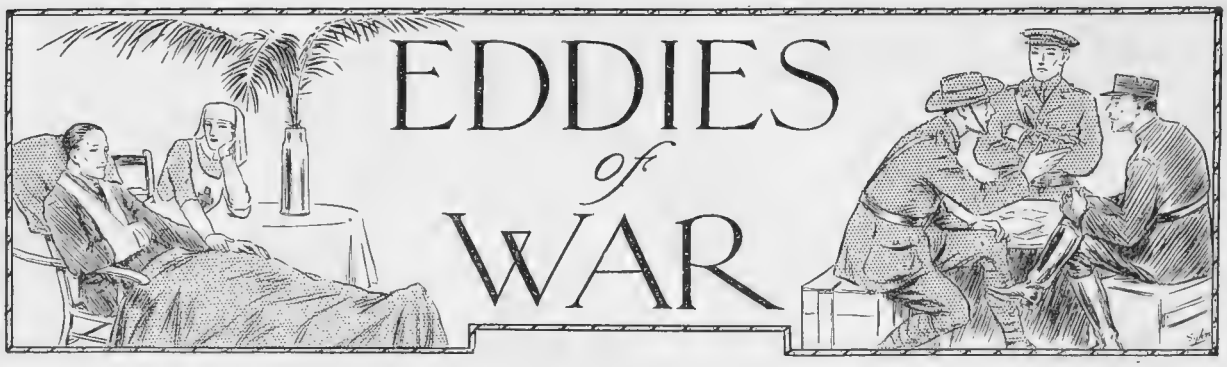
WHICH is a very nice way of putting it, isn't it—but there, soldiermen just can't help being nice, can they? (Ahem!) But you truly are the first, the very first, that ever burst from the great new Army of the West, and here's the warmest of welcomes and the best of luck, and may we see you soon as poss. to come and help finish win the war for us. If they get here by the "fall" we'll have a new frock and a hat of the moment for the welcoming—we'll have to have 'em, anyway. It's hardly believable, is it, but they've gone and changed the fashions again, and where, for a year, we've been wide and fluffy we're now to be narrow and straight once more.

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

Some Women Who Don't—No. 4

URSULA

Who recites "It was the schooner Hesperus" to Tommies in the garden



THEY DIDN'T KNOW.

BY DELL LEIGH

THE band on the promenade had played "Bohème" "simply beautifully," as the Flapper very properly said. It was a topping fine band. The Subaltern with a limp and a blue brassard on his sleeve had announced as much on the hotel lawn the night before; and what *he* said counted, for he was a man amongst men, having been in that ghastly strafe at X—— three weeks ago. He had acquitted himself as behoved the family of Browne, and his C.O. had endorsed the fact when we met him by chance on the platform at Victoria on the way down. The Flapper had never, in her wildest day-dreams, imagined it would all turn out so "scrumptuously." (I quote her own word, coined by her sweet self many times to me—the old fool to whom one can talk). "He" had been wounded just in time. "No, really, Uncle Bill—fancy his getting home in time for the bathing!"

⁂ ⁂

THE enemy had lent a hand by placing glancing shrapnel across the soft part of Browne's thigh. And there they all were, snugly ensconced at the Britannia Hotel, with their rooms facing the sea, and *the* most wonderful bathing in England right underneath the window—"too heavenly." I was merely there, a bored onlooker, as father and I, being partners in a now moribund business, elected to take our holidays together. "So nice for the children, Bill, as you are always such fun."

⁂ ⁂

I REMEMBER that morning very well. Not because of what followed, but because of the white night I had spent previously. They had begun the bombardment again on that other coast, and I had suffered. I suppose it was the first time I had really suffered physically by the war. We had all gone to bed very early—ten, I believe. Ugh! Browne had urged snooker in the billiard-room, but I knew the warped table, and declined. So we had retired to our rooms, and I was very peevish at the black shrouds nailed to the windows (according to police regulations), which kept out some of the beautiful air from the sea. My troubles began early, for, being a gouty man, I sleep badly, and the "jolt" of distant guns got on my nerves. I had opened all the windows, of course, and the moon swept the sea, and my room. The steady jolting increased. The tooth-glass on the washing-stand began to move towards the edge—and suddenly, with a big boom, my door flew open. Dawn was beginning to break when I got up and felt round for my cigarette-case. Still the steady, ceaseless "jolt—jolt—boom!" continued. Men were very wide awake somewhere. I wondered how things went with us. Surely nobody could sleep through this?

I WENT out into the hotel corridor. All the doors were open, released by concussion from the cheap latches. The Flapper lay, head on arm, her black hair astrew the pillow, a smile round her mouth; to-morrow, to-day even, she and Browne would bathe. I passed on to Browne. He lay with bedclothes thrown off, on his back, frowning. The identity disc on his wrist caught shafts of light from the window. I wandered back to my hot room, and the window. They didn't know, these people—none of them, except Browne. They recked not of what was going on—over there. Even now men were dying, within reach of their heedless ears. But what would you they should do? A British family was on its annual holiday. This was an event in their lives. The war had become a secondary affair—by custom and familiarity. But this was a *real* thing, this fortnight at Breakerville. Whereas the war—well, the war went on, that's all. Presently there would be animation on the small front, followed by distant squeals from early bathers on the sands below; the staccato shouts of men and women immersed suddenly and rather sleepily in cold salt water. Cries of "Come on, you chaps, it's f-f-fine" . . . "no, not a b-b-bit cold. . . ." "I say, where's my towel. . . ."

⁂ ⁂

I SAT on, thoroughly awake, and the sun began to glitter like a million sequins on the grey gown of the sea. A morose beach-lounger emerged from the High Street and stepped forward to the cliff's edge, where he leant sullenly on the low stone wall, gazing vacantly seawards. I followed his gaze absently. What were those three black streaks out on the horizon, scarcely distinguishable in the undispersed sea mist? Probably mine-sweepers or drifters, or whatever they call them; wonderful men. The beach-lounger had stiffened suddenly and stood taut, with his head cocked forward in the attitude of a foc'sle look-out—his old trade, maybe? What were those funny pink flashes coming from their sides? And almost as the thought passed through my mind—I knew.

⁂ ⁂

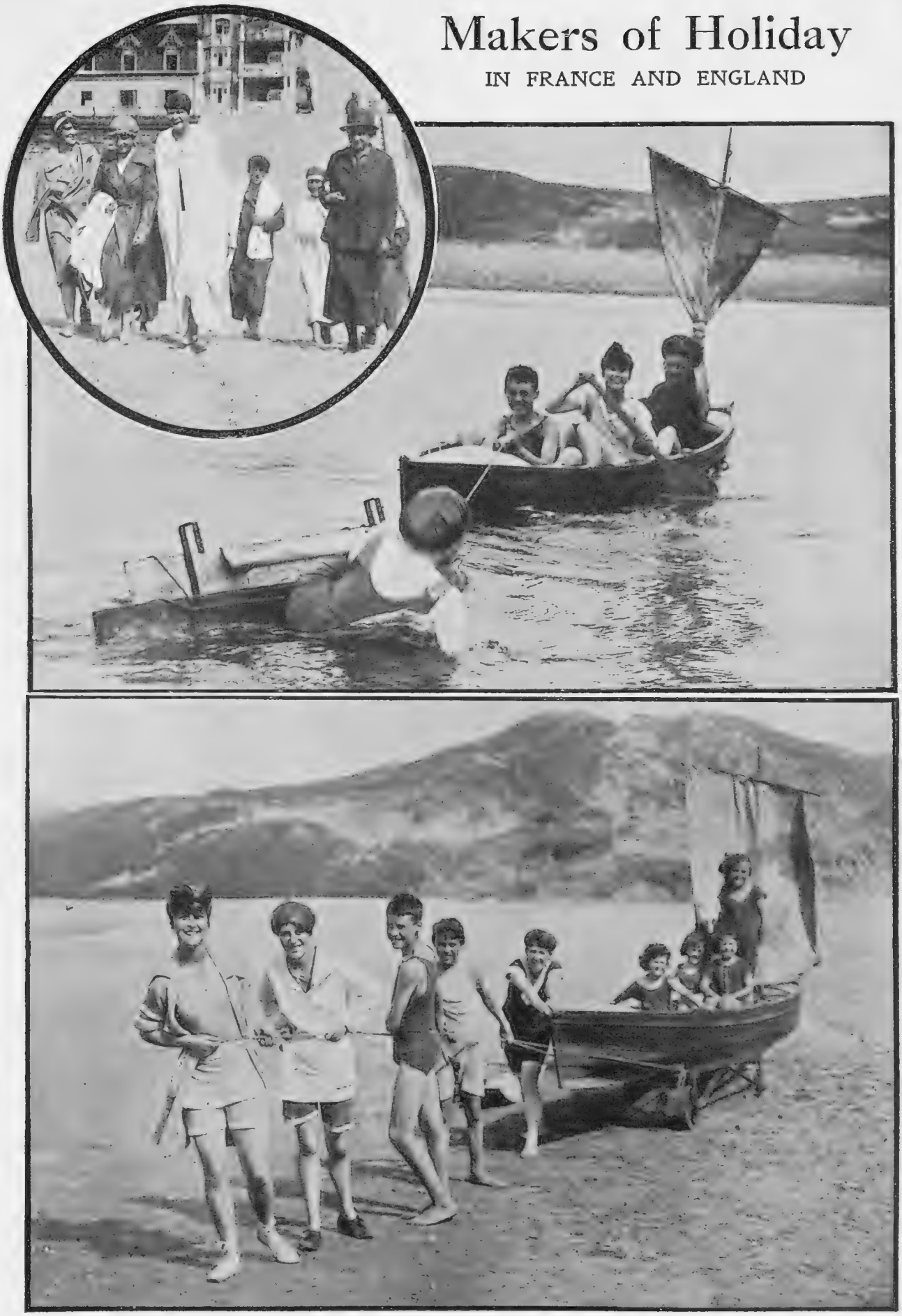
THE hotel rocked and quivered. Some of it fell. There were screams and uprisings everywhere. We all rushed down; those that were left of us. And we all lost our heads—all, that is to say, except Browne. He it was who carried down the Flapper with set face and calm demeanour.

He looked tenderly at her dead face, and out to the vanishing destroyers. And he said viciously, "My God, *aren't* they swine?"

You see, propinquity had made him callous. He knew. But we knew nothing, until it came to us, out of the morning mists.

Makers of Holiday

IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND



In the circle at the top corner is an Official photograph, taken on the British Western Front, of a bathing parade of the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps, somewhere in France, where these splendid war-workers are shown about to enjoy a dip to remove the dust and dirt of their daily occupation. The other two photographs illustrate a popular form of entertainment—water-tobogganing—at a west-country resort. One of them indicates that the fair bather occasionally receives too little tow and too much ducking

"Somewhere in Flanders"

STRENGTHENING THE BONDS

My Dear Bystander—

It is probable that the conception you have formed of the British Expeditionary Force canteen is that this admirable institution exists solely to cater for the bodily welfare of deserving British soldiers.

If this is so let me hasten to assure you that there is more in the B.E.F. canteen than meets the casual glance. The B.E.F. canteen has, too, its national aspirations, modest though these may be. The canteen in fact, not only provides material comfort for our gallant army, but in its humble, unobtrusive way exercises a political influence in the country in which we sojourn, a soothing influence which, though realisation must be effected through material channels, by virtue of the basic fact that the fleshly cravings of all nations are as one, yet the fruit is metaphorically plucked in the forging of a fresh link, in the further strengthening of the indissoluble bonds which bind Great Britain to her noble Ally.

❋ ❋

When you are engaged in carrying on a war for years at a time in a country other than your own, be your relations never so cordial, there must occur little incidents from time to time, trivial in themselves, yet sufficient, perhaps, to ruffle ever so slightly the susceptibilities of our Allies. This is inevitable, and it would not be human if it were otherwise. It may be the sacrifice of a British soldier at the altar of Bacchus (to the detriment of a pane or two of glass), the loan of a few outhouse tiles for purposes of road repair, or the pathetic request of a householder to inspect the remnant of what had once—before the convoy had passed—constituted a perfect specimen of a mongrel fox-terrier. It may be questions such as these that call for immediate conciliatory measures.

❋ ❋

As a matter of fact, these things have really nothing whatever to do with me, yet, somehow, I don't know why, but all the injured parties in this area find their way round to my office, where in my absence they prostrate themselves upon the responsive bosom of my sympathetic interpreter and refuse to leave the premises.

❋ ❋

Sometimes the wrong can be remedied with facility, and all is joy and gladness once again; sometimes the case is beyond human reparation, and there is little to be done.

How, then, are we to restore to these good people the love and good will which once they bore us? Is it by indulging in a neat little speech and dwelling passionately on the indissoluble bonds that bind us together for all time? It is not. It is done by half a dozen small packets of Grainger's "Ruby Queen" cigarettes from the canteen, price 9*d*. It may not be very regular. I don't say that it is; but it is fruitful, and Great Britain is the gainer in the long run. How is it that the new Town Major, who comes from the Midi and is a martyr to chronic rheumatism in the knee joints, still loves and reveres us who splashed him from head to foot in liquid mud with a lorry doing twenty miles an hour on the wrong side of the road?

Was it the official sorrow of the A.P.M.?

It was not. It was something entirely different. And now he calls me Aubrey and I call him Eugène. Could the bonds between us be more closely welded, I ask you?

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

AN "OLD BILL" PROPHECY COME TRUE *Official Photograph*

These women ambulance drivers in France are not doing any the less good work because they have discarded hand-bags in favour of sand-bags!

Birds of Ill Omen

PASSED BY CENSOR

"There's evidently goin' to be an offensive around 'ere, Bert"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Bystander in Paris

"L'HEURE DE L'APÉRITIF"

"The genre anglais"

CAFÉ GAULOIS, *August*

MONSIEUR ET CHER ALLIÉ—

I SEIZE the pen to write to you at the request of Frédéric, who is gone for his holiday at the side of the sea. It is to satisfy his desire that I give you of our news. As for the holiday of *ce brave Frédéric*, it is always the same history! Never he wants to take it unless Maman and I we constrain him to it. But monsieur knows: "What woman wishes, God wishes!" So *le voilà!* enjoying the attractions of Trou-sur-Mer—a place of all repose—so he informs us. *Tant mieux!* Like that we shall be tranquil about seeing him come back safely.

✵

Eh, bien, monsieur, if it was to get wet that he went to the sea he might just as well have stayed in Paris, which has been having a regular water-cure for the last week or so. Not that that makes any difference to our sympathetic *kabyles*, who are employed by the street-cleaning department! No! They continue to flood the pavements and streets at the appointed hour, whatever the weather. "After us the deluge!" seems to be their motto; but, of course, they have made themselves most useful all the summer, and it is a joy to see them flourish their dust-bins into their "tanks." The greater the dust, the broader their smile! Only nothing gives them quite so much pleasure as the hose, which they manipulate with more energy than discretion. Unfortunately they never turn it on themselves! So finally the city had to delegate a special corps of brother-Africans to undertake the *nettoyage* of the *nettoyeurs*.

✵

BUT one thing one cannot help remarking, and that is how used Parisians seem to get to everything, even this abundance of water, for when it pours its hardest they continue to *flâner* about as if they enjoyed it, instead of rushing for shelter as they used to do. I ask myself whether it is not because of the example of our British Allies, to whom the weather never seems to make the slightest difference. It is possible, for more than ever people like to have the *genre anglais*, and what can be more Anglo-Saxon than to despise the elements?

✵

SO the *dernier cri* for the *bourgeois* is to saunter through the showers with his coat-collar turned up and the water dripping from his hat brim. After all, it is better than to pay exorbitant prices for inferior umbrellas! And as long as her skirts are conveniently short, as they still are, even the *Parisienne* does not mind a little moisture, for her toilet does not fear it like in former days. Unfortunately, from what one hears, this winter our ankles will no longer be on view, and we shall have once more to get used to tripping through the mud with one hand full of *jupe* and the other full of parcels.

✵

BUT apropos of *la Mode*, if only our politicians were as well informed of what is going to happen as our big *couturiers* are! *They*

(*Continued on page 350*)

"The attractions of Trou-sur-Mer"

The Share of the Plough

These Canadian official photographs show the method of constructing the light railways behind the lines. Both ploughs and drag-scrapers are drawn by mules, which seem to take less dislike to this particular form of work than to any other of their innumerable activities

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

seem to know months ahead what we only learn from the newspapers when it happens (and when I say "we," I refer not only to the ignorant electors). To give monsieur an example. As far back as last spring the Rue de la Paix knew that China would declare war on the Boches before the winter, so it decided that the *pièce de résistance* of next season should be a homage to our new Allies, and the result is the *robe céleste*. As the fashion censor has not yet released this creation all I can say is that "celestial" is the *mot juste*. What a change it will be after the *mode amazone* and the continual khaki and horizon blue! And those whom it will most please will be our *poilus!* How often have I heard them say that if there is one thing that makes them rage it is to see the women trying to imitate them, instead of doing what they can to make them forgot the trenches.

⁂

As for the *brusquerie anglaise*, which was considered so *chic* by many of our *élégantes*, good-bye to it! When we adopt the *robe céleste* we shall, of course, have once more to become ceremonious and polite to be in the right note. To-day the politest person in Paris is doubtless the brave *agent de police*, whose manners are becoming really exquisite. Address a question to him, ask him to direct you, and you will be rewarded! Not so much by the information, for very likely he comes from the provinces and knows less about Paris than you yourself, but by the manner. He will do everything to find out, and when it comes to helping a glorious *blessé* or piloting nervous ladies through the traffic, even our English clients pronounce him to be "Quite like a London bobby."

⁂

Speaking of English clients reminds me—never has the Café Gaulois seen so many as these last few days, for this has been a real *semaine anglaise* for Paris. A whole week of brave, smiling Tommies *en permission!* What a happy inspiration of Sir Haig to send them here just when they were most needed! For, *entre nous*, monsieur, what with the rain and the rumours, the coal cards and the

"The robe céleste"

bread cards, the *cafard* was beginning to buzz about, and you could hear him very audibly at the *Heure de l'Apéritif* when *ces messieurs* began to discuss the situation; but as soon as the khaki clients appear it is all over with the *cafard*, for who can resist their *joie de vivre?* And how they make us laugh!

"Quite like a London bobby"

⁂

Even the Swiss boy loses his worried neutral air when he sees them beckoning from the *terrasse*. *Tenez!* It is extraordinary how they transform everything, these brave Tommies! If there was a street in Paris which was solemn and sombre it was the one in which Monsieur Atkins has taken up his quarters, and which now every cab-driver knows as the Roo Richelyoo. *Eh, bien,* it is at present the gayest spot in the capital! However dark the skies, there are sunny patches all down the Roo Richelyoo and a grin in every doorway; and in the evening there are little groups leaning against the walls and smoking, with all the air of being *chez soi*. Even if someone should pass there in the dark it is not possible for him to ignore the presence of Monsieur Atkins, for he can smell the odour of Navy Cut and Bird's-eye all the way from the boulevards to the Palais-Royal.

⁂

Decidedly the Roo Richelyoo is the best-natured street in Paris! There is only one thing which ruffles the good temper of its inhabitants, and that is when the chauffeur refuses to understand the direction he is to drive in and pretends he has never heard of the "Tchemmps-Elysaies"! Naturally it is not easy, especially as very often the chauffeur is some neutral who knows French and Paris not much better than his clients. But for a gay street, it is a gay street!

⁂

Mais *voilà!* M. Georges, who is asking whether I have not yet finished writing to my *amoureux!* He insists it is a *filleul* of the Roo Richelyoo who is the cause of this correspondence. I tell him the place of *filleul* is still vacant, but impossible to convince him! So I will conclude, asking monsieur to excuse me, and to accept the expression of my most distinguished compliments.

Céline

Blighted "Blighty"

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE SAD SUFFERINGS OF A SUBALTERN ON LEAVE

Comrades

"Gipsies we, blith
Through the wo

in Arms

e and free,
rld we roam"—(Old Song)

Beauty and the Bowl

Camera Portrait *Hugh Cecil*

MISS IVY TRESMOND

A delightfully pretty portrait of one of the most charming of the beauties of "Bubbly" at the Comedy

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"What a Catch"!

AT THE DUKE of YORK'S

BY "JINGLE"
Illustrated by Norman Morrow

THIS is a farce of the "popular" order, and on the night of our visit it made a good many people laugh quite uproariously. It is the usual story of the middle-aged family man who is allured by "the passing face," on one occasion only, and whose little sins come home to roost. Though, as a matter of fact, the delinquent in this case is nothing like so sinful as he is suspected to be, or as he would probably have wished to be; but that, after all, is no concern of ours.

❊

MR. ANDREW JANAWAY is an ardent fisherman, and for that good reason he should be treated leniently. According to his story—and everybody knows what fishermen's stories are—he was sitting peaceably in his punt waiting for the next bite, when the young lady, whose name was Kitty, happened along. Shortly after that Mr. Janaway was giving Kitty to understand that she was a nice little thing, and she generously admitted that she thought he was an old dear. The meeting subsequently adjourned to a champagne lunch at the hotel—there is usually an hotel where a fisherman is—and, as has been so well said, there it was.

❊

BEFORE, however, you think the worst of Mr. Janaway and his newly made friend, it will be as well to carry the story along a little. Mr. Janaway has arranged a marriage between his son Leonard and his niece Mabel; but marriages are made in heaven, and Mr. Janaway is a long way from that ethereal spot. Leonard and Mabel do not love each other, which is a very good reason—in middle-class ethics, at least—why they should not marry. Leonard goes a step further even than that. In spite of his father's threat to disinherit him if he refuses to marry Mabel, Leonard goes and marries Kitty instead, and never says a word to the old man about it.

❊

THAT is how Kitty comes into the plot. It was her idea to invade Mr. Janaway's piscatorial peace, and to fascinate him with the lure of her unquestionable charm. When he fell—or, at least, stumbled—his crime was to be held over his head with threats of awful revelations unless he consented to the marriage that had already taken place between Leonard and Kitty. In pursuance of her amiable little plot, Kitty's next step is to disguise herself as a young man and to call upon Mr. Janaway in his own very select home. Mr. Janaway recognises her at once, in spite of her masculine attire, and imagines in his anguish that she is an adventuress come to blackmail him. But Kitty cannot be bribed to leave the premises; and to add to Mr. Janaway's distress, both Mrs. Janaway and her daughter take very kindly to the good-looking young man. Not only is he invited to remain to

(Continued on page 356)

"What a Catch!" at the Duke of York's

dinner, but Miss Janaway, the daughter of the house, commences a lively flirtation with him right away.

❀

Mr. Janaway is thus kept wriggling like a worm on one of his own fish-hooks. In his despair he calls in the aid of his old friend Kerr, a jovial man of the world, and appeals to him for a useful tip as to how you can get rid of girls of that sort when they have had the effrontery to follow it up by tracking you, as it were, to your lair. Mr. Kerr suspends his judgment till he has heard the facts and has commented on them in his worldly way. This part is played by Mr. Fred Eastman, who gets out of it all the wild, hilarious fun that such a situation is capable of yielding, especially to those who are not too strictly bound by the conventions.

❀

Indeed, for those who like that kind of fun (and I have no objection to it myself), Kerr provides most of the fine breezy hilarity of the evening. He conveys the impression that things of that sort have happened to himself, but as he apparently has no protecting wife, perhaps the less said of them the better. While Janaway is squirming in his anguish, Kerr is cracking little jokes of the kind that are popular everywhere except in the drawing-room. He talks to Janaway about petticoats (and we know there *are* such things on the authority of Dickens); and when Janaway plaintively announces that the intruding lady is not wearing them, Kerr gives a sorrowful shake of the head and seems to think his dear old friend knows more than he should.

❀

In his well-meaning efforts to establish peace and harmony Kerr simply makes matters worse than ever. His strenuous exertions to keep Janaway calm and collected while he takes upon himself the duty of pointing out to Kitty the magnitude of her error in invading the premises are quite amusing. And when, as the result of a private interview with Kitty and her husband, Kerr learns the facts of the case he at once sides with the young people, and leaves his dear old friend Janaway to extricate himself unaided from the tangled web he has woven. Of course, everything ends happily, especially as we are never for a moment in doubt as to the issue. The kind of father portrayed by Mr. Lupino Lane does not threaten to disinherit his son. He certainly would not make such a threat twice to a stalwart son of the kind very efficiently represented by Mr. Reginald Andrews.

❀

It seems that before her marriage Kitty was an actress, and had already arrived at picture-postcard celebrity when she retired into more or less respectable married life. In due course somebody produces a picture-postcard and comments on the amazing resemblance of its subject to the "young man" who has taken been into the bosom of the family, or thereabouts. Kitty attempts to deny her identity; but it is not, so to speak, by wearing trousers that you can save your face.

About this time the little plot falls to pieces, and Mr. Janaway forgives and his wife agrees to forget—as far as women ever do forget such things. Mr. Stanley Lupino is an extremely energetic Janaway, and Miss Ruby Miller acts very charmingly as Kitty and wears her male attire as if to the manner born. Jingle

Army Instructions Bystandardised—No. 8

Yield no ground; it's up to you
To hold your line till all is blue

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Are you scared, 'Orace?"
"N—N—No!"
"N—Neither am I. Y—you lovely—l—liar"

Shrapnel Pars

PAPER boots are now being produced at Strassburg. So, after three years of "victorious" war, the Huns are beginning to find themselves, as well as their financial credit, on a paper footing.

THE attitude taken up by certain members of the Independent Labour Party suggests that, under any Government less lenient than ours, they would stand a good chance of finding themselves transferred to the Hard Labour Party.

A QUANTITY of poisoned court-plasters have been discovered in the raided apartments of a German at Cleveland, U.S.A. Fortunately, the scoundrel seems to have been caught before he had screwed his courage to the sticking-place.

AMONG the members of our War Cabinet the palm for sheer revolutionary courage must, after all, be awarded to Mr. Prothero. He has actually issued an official communication calling on farmers not to complain!

"I believe," says our volatile Premier, "in the nation that can sing about its defeats." But he surely doesn't include Germany, which is in the habit of setting *its* defeats to hymns of victory.

"ADVANCE, TURKEY," is the latest cryptic message sent to Turkey by the Kaiser. The Turks are rather pleased to have this message, for if there is one thing they need badly it is an advance.

GENERAL JOFFRE declares that he has not read a newspaper since the war began. The Fleet Street war experts are not surprised at the way the war is dragging on.

A CORRESPONDENT writing to a contemporary is surprised that with so many allotment-holders vegetables are still dear. Well, when the allotment-holder has to know the botanical name of what he is raising and the entomological name of the insect which eats it, together with the pharmaceutical name of the chemical insecticide which kills it—well, it is pretty certain that somebody's going to pay.

"FREEDOM will begin to shriek," Lord Ribblesdale tells us, "if we go on in this way." The word seems familiar, but—er—what *is* freedom?

MR. BERNARD SHAW says that if the Germans beat us they will skin us alive. And if a literary lion lost his outer skin!

ANY question affecting the War Office is dealt with, it seems, by the C2 Department. That accounts for the weakness of the answers we get.

A PRECENTOR tells us that the recent rain has been due to divine displeasure at Sunday work on allotments. Nonsense! The heavens wept over the folly of precentors.

MR. CLOUGH says the war will not go on for ever. How does he know?

THE French journalist recently invited to visit the Grand Fleet says that our navy "harbours but one aspiration: to meet the Germans once again." True; but was it kind to the Admiralty to drag in the word "harbours"?

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS

THE LADY: "What's the matter with that little boy?"

THE GIRL: "It's 'is father, lidy, 'E's a German in the Alexander Palace, an' young Rudolph can't get it off his mind nohow"

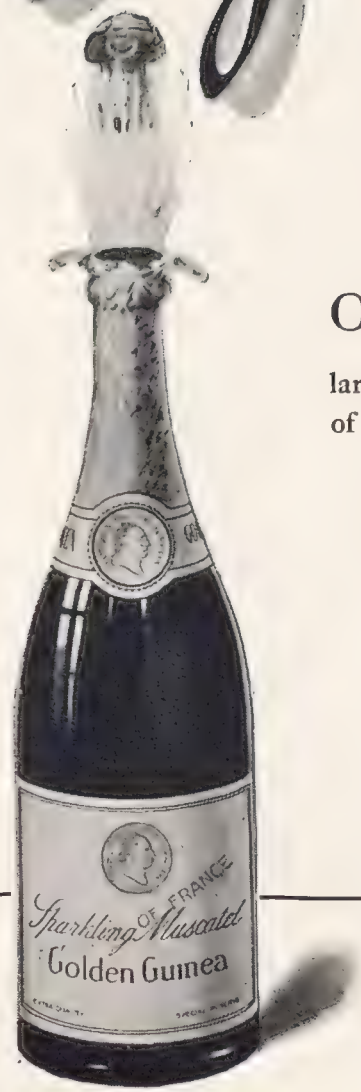
Golden Guinea

FRENCH
SPARKLING
MUSCATEL

ASSIST THE GOVERNMENT.

OWING to the restrictions on imports of wines from France, you are particularly requested to limit your requirements of Golden Guinea as much as possible.

France, our Friend and Ally,
offers us
GOLDEN GUINEA
the produce of her beautiful
Vineyards.



Golden Guinea is obtainable at all leading Hotels, Restaurants and Wine Merchants. Wholesale Agents: GOLDEN GUINEA, 15, Charlotte St., London, W.

Nothing to Report

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

But for the war we should now have been in the whirl of what used to be known as "The Silly Season." For reasons known only to the experts, nothing happened that was worth chronicling at this period of the year, and the leading daily papers therefore threw open their columns to any and every private person with a marvel to relate or a grievance to air. The entertainment usually began with the announcement that the sea-serpent had been seen again. As Charles Dickens said of ghosts, nobody had ever seen the sea-serpent, but everybody knew someone who had been vouchsafed a sight of the unusual phenomenon.

❀

Among the many far-reaching changes in our daily lives wrought by this devastating war, the silly season has lost its popularity during the past three years; but there are signs this year that its votaries are not going to let it die permanently. It is true that there is good reason to believe that the sea-serpent owing to its alleged British nationality has fallen a victim to the ruthless submarine warfare of the Huns; while the big gooseberry has been snowed under by the crops of allotment-holders who are beginning to run the traditional fisherman very close by the magnitude of the results they claim to have achieved. The gooseberry is after all only a frivolous fruit, unworthy of serious attention in these strenuous times; but from what I read in the papers I gather that the big potato and the big marrow have arrived with dimensions calculated to make quite a big hole in any ordinary book of arithmetic.

❀

Another burning question of the moment it seems is—mud. Not the significant seas of mud in Flanders in which, unfortunately, the silly season expert takes no interest, but the scrap of mud that clings to the newly disinterred potato and is sold with it in shops. If, it is argued, the grocer must weigh his tea and sugar independently of the paper in which they are wrapped, why should not the greengrocer be compelled to remove from his vegetables the mud that adds illicitly to their weight in the scales? It may be that this burning question is keeping Lord Rhondda awake at nights; or it may be that there are still some amiable people who have not heard that there's a war on.

❀

Then there is the burglary industry. When the war broke out it appears that most burglars decided to suspend business operations lest their ordinary activities should hamper the Government of the time. Now, it appears, they have gone back to their old sad ways, and what is Mr. Lloyd George going to do about it? I think the fanciful idea that the British Army should be withdrawn from France in order that it may afford better protection to a Peckham "Father of Five" is not at all likely to be popular.

❀

Then there is the rather heated question of the recent copious rainfall, which some wanted and some would have preferred to have dispensed with. A stern parson leads off the correspondence with a definite assertion that the recent rains have come as a judgment, because allotment-holders generally have been working on the Sabbath. The only thing against this argument is that all the allotment-holders I know have rather welcomed the recent rain; while the neighbouring farmers, who are against Sunday labour to a man, have had their wheat and oats spoiled by it.

❀

Finally, as befits the holiday season of the year, the statisticians have proved conclusively to a fraction of a penny that London is easily the leading health resort in England. A seaside holiday at this period of the year is, therefore, not only wanton extravagance, but obviously defeats the purpose for which it is undertaken. The West End of London may not be able to supply ozone and donkey-rides, but it gives health; and it would be greedy to ask for more than that in war-time. It remains only for someone to write to the papers with conclusive evidence that travelling by tube is good for the complexion in order to keep the summer girl in town for a permanency.

Arnold Golsworthy

LET BROTHERLY LOVE CONTINUE

SENTRY (to bosom pal): "Halt! Who goes there?"
BOSOM PAL (contemptuously): "Idiot!"
SENTRY: "Pass, idiot!"

STAR TURNS II. PIERROT AND PIERRETTE

IN our parlour of sleepy white roses lit up by the big round moon,
Let us forget the dawn-wind, and the morrow that comes too soon!
Here shall we dwell for ever—Pierrot and demure Pierrette,
And blow fairy rings from **Abdullas**—
And learn magic things from **Abdulla's**
Adorable Cigarette!

We want no jewels or bank-book with a ceiling of sapphire blue,
Look at our diamond carpet woven from moon-lit dew!
Rich in romance and love dreams—Pierrot and adored Pierrette
Blowing silver rings from **Abdullas**—
Learn mystic things from **Abdulla's**
Most exquisite Cigarette!

The nightingale chants of woodlands and the raptures of happy birds,
Yet even his golden trilling means less than our tender words;
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Blow fragrant rings from **Abdullas**—
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Most wonderful Cigarette!

The baby owls in the oak-tree sit watching with blinking eyes,
The bats that flit through the moonbeams are squeaking from sheer surprise,
Whilst clinging close in Love's garden Pierrot and divine Pierrette
Blow wedding rings from **Abdullas**—
And learn lovely things from **Abdulla's**
Most marvellous Cigarette!

ABDULLA

THE STAR TURN ALWAYS

The Nut Returns

By GEORGE EDGAR

I OUGHT to tell you that Claude Montmorency Barcelona has returned. In the golden west and the Bond Street area we have missed him for two years. We have lost by the absence of the glass of fashion and the mould of form. Indeed, I may say, we have grown slovenly. But now that Claude Montmorency Barcelona is back again things are brightening. The lads of the village are looking up. We are taking a pride in ourselves.

I saw Claude the other morning resting in his favourite lounge—not a mile from the Haymarket. It is an annexe of one of the hotels which still make you dizzy, a place where, if you breathe, anything up to ten shillings goes on the bill, and if you drop a word a fellow-creature in epaulettes of gold lace expects half-a-crown for retrieving it for you and handing it back without the aspirate.

Claude was helping himself to a three-coloured drink with cherries floating in it. Ice clinked in the goblet. Claude was also breathing tobacco smoke through an Egyptian cigarette and an amber tube, nearly a foot long.

He wore the grey suit—*the* grey suit, I mean. It is a delicate texture, the colour of an early morning mist, and makes one think of the beauty of pearls. It is a delicate fabric, and falls meltingly about the lapels, while the hang of the trousers is a sartorial caress. He wore the pearl-grey vest, dyed and woven to match the suit. He wore the specially made silk shirt and collar, the tie, the handkerchief, the soft hat, and the spats—all superlatively chaste creations in pearl-grey, too. His tender young pearl-grey tie was held in its careless fall by a single pin, on which one solitary pearl was mounted. Claude had been to his barber. His hair was parted in the dead centre, and shone as it receded from his forehead. He was beautifully manicured. Also, as the ice clinked against the glass, and the three-coloured drink went to dye his interior, Claude Montmorency Barcelona appeared to be at peace with all the world.

An elderly gentleman, with a clean-shaven upper lip as straight as a safety razor blade, and steel-grey whiskers, intruded upon Claude. He may have been a millionaire, or just an ordinary damned nuisance with a sense of duty. He was there to ask Claude questions.

"Don't you think——," he spluttered, and then stopped.

Claude was eyeing him with languid interest, staring through wreaths of pearl-grey tobacco smoke.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said, interrupting him. "You've got a sense of duty, dear thing. You want to know about the war. You are going to ask me if I can't find anything better to do than sit around here, helping the hotel to pay huge dividends by drinking tri-coloured cocktails. Gee!—excuse my Canadian—I've met every member of your lodge in Europe."

"I was going to ask——," mumbled the greybeard, but again Claude interrupted.

"Of course—a very proper question," he said, languidly staring at his cross-examiner. "You were going to call me Cuthbert and solicit my views on funkholes. Well, someone has to harry the young, but, in my case, you are what the *olla podrida* of the service call nosey parkerish. In these days, even a beaver whisker should be careful that the organ above it is not too nosey in its parkerishness. What?"

Claude felt carefully in a pocket concealed under his coat lapel, and drew out a thin case of gold, with a monogram inset with pearls. He took a piece of folded paper from the receptacle.

"That's my brief, Uncle," Claude said, handing over the paper. "You might call it my ticket-of-leave or open sesame to beautiful Blighty. I'm junk—discharged."

"I'm sorry——," began the old man.

"Oh, don't apologise!" Claude replied, grandly. "I hate any expression of emotion. A pardonable error on your part. Granted, granted—granted, my dear sir."

He waved his hand as if beginning the performance of a piece of suggestion that would hypnotise the fussy old stager off the planet.

"You will note I have done my two years and a bit," Claude said easily. "Conduct good. D.S.O., a bit of dirty work in the night on the Somme. Invalided out. Puncture in the right lung, two inches of bone missing under the deltoid. My cigarette arm out of action for ever. They have no use in the Army for a fellow who is a left-handed fag-swallower. Even here, the fact that I have to ply the amber with the left has slightly modified my vogue. But the brief is all right, old Topsman. What?"

"Yes, yes," said the man with a sense of duty. "Yes. Pray—pray excuse me. I did not know. You are entitled to your life of ease and idleness."

Claude nearly betrayed emotion.

"What?" he gasped, his eyes sparkling. "My—life—of idleness! I hate anything like a scene, and you are really very old. Why don't you travel a younger man with you—a sort of whipping boy—so that I could punch him when you are impertinent?"

"I did not mean to——," began the old man.

(*Continued on page 364*)

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

MRS. N. T. GUBBINS

Who, before her marriage in July to Major Gubbins, M.C., R.A., was Miss Joan Audrie Humphries

Photo by Claude Harris.

TWO GREAT COMPOSITIONS of SIR EDWARD ELGAR O.M.

MARIE HALL

Accompanied by the Symphony Orchestra, conducted by the Composer, SIR EDWARD ELGAR, O.M.

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ALTHOUGH only a few years have passed since its first production, Elgar's Violin Concerto has already become a modern classic, ranking, in the opinion of many musicians, with the great Concertos of the older masters. Certainly it is one of its composer's finest inspirations, and one that has firmly won public favour. World-famous players like Ysaye and Kreisler have hailed this Concerto as a great masterpiece. Marie Hall has become enthusiastic over it, and played the work continually. Of unusual interest and significance, therefore, is the issue of four records of the music, giving the finest parts of each movement, and practically giving the effect of a concert performance of the Concerto. The fact that these have been made under Sir Edward Elgar's personal direction, and with himself conducting the orchestra, will make them not only prized to-day, but of historial value, since future generations will be able to learn the composer's own interpretation of his music.

The soloist Miss Marie Hall has achieved many triumphs by her playing of the Concerto, her lyric beauty of tone and perfectly finished tone suiting it ideally from an interpretative point of view.

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CHARLES MOTT

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Conducted by SIR EDWARD ELGAR, O.M.

Words by Rudyard Kipling.

THE music of each of these four songs has the atmosphere of the sea, the breezy personality of these men who "sweep the mines reported in the fairway," who stalk the submarine in its lair, or take their chance with the deep as sportsmen. All four songs have a rhythm that suggests the sea, a melody that haunts the memory with its sense of power and its splendid feeling.

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02736	"The Fringes of the Fleet."	No. III.—Submarines.	*Kipling—Elgar.*
02737	"The Fringes of the Fleet."	No. IV.—The Sweepers.	*Kipling—Elgar.*

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded)

"Did not mean to!" Claude murmured, recovering himself. "My life of idleness! Why! I've been two years teaching manners to the Hun. I've spent two years putting the Boche back in his place. Everyone knows if it hadn't been for me and the lads we'd have had the German in Bond Street wearing tanned boots to a frock-coat, and making nasty guttural noises over his potato salad; and now, when I've done my bit in keeping the Hun where he ought to be—in a place where it doesn't matter what sort of a waistcoat he wears—you call me idle."

He eyed the speechless old man with silent contempt, and then continued.

"I did think of resting when I came back," he explained. "The puncture makes dressing with an elderly valet a torture; but I am still doing my bit. I'm saving Bond Street. At first I thought I'd idle—take a farm or something easy. But the very day I got back I found a chappie, who ought to know better, perambulating Bond Street. He was wearing plaid uppers to his boots, smoking a briar pipe, and carrying a parcel."

Claude shuddered and closed his eyes.

"The horrors of war," he murmured.

The old man sighed sympathetically, and thought of tragic battlefields.

"Only to think one of *us*, with a once faultless taste in waistcoats, could be reduced to boots with plaid uppers in three years of war. I had to get busy."

"And you are at work," murmured the old man, doubtfully.

"Of course I'm at work," Claude insisted, almost testily. "I'm working now, despite my ruined cigarette arm—I'm setting an example. I've done my bit protecting Britain from the Hun. Now I'm protecting Bond Street from itself. The boys need saving. Why, a fellow in my club has forgotten how to crease his trousers, and I saw a chap yesterday with two spots of mud on his patent leather boots."

"I'm working," said Claude, rising languidly, "I'm working for this ravishing shade of pearl-grey and a complete *ensemble*, even down to the undies. I'm working for repose of manner, colour schemes in cocktails, and the ever-lighted cigarette. Nothing like keeping the home fires burning—eh? Besides, if I had not come back there wouldn't have been a lad left in the old village fit to walk about Berlin when we get there—never mind Bond Street."

He rose, drank his three-coloured liquid, looked at a cherry, thought he might eat it, sighed, and left the cherry alone in the glass.

"Idle," he said, wearily. "There's no idleness in being the perfect Barcelona—the peerless example. But I'm not the man I was since I lost the use of my fag arm. So long, old son."

Claude floated away, pale but determined. I noticed that he trembled slightly as the amber cigarette tube travelled to his teeth in his left hand.

Is this Why WE Allowed Racing in England?

Racing continues merrily in Germany, and is attended by almost as big crowds as before the war, though the civilian element is more in evidence than the military in this large gathering at a recent meeting in Berlin

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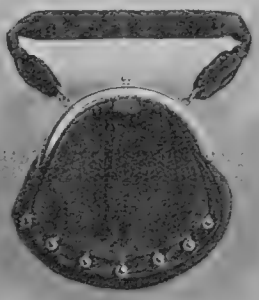

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Books *of the* Week

TWO NOVELS BY CRITICS

Novelists and Critics

It used to be maintained that the literary critic was the man who had failed at literature; but nowadays that does not hold good. In fact, most novelists would probably maintain that the best critics of their work are themselves creative writers. When a newspaper wants an especial criticism of a book it generally goes to some well-known novelist for the required column, and certainly only a novelist can fully appreciate the technique of a novel. Two recently published books by critics of distinction may here be noticed.

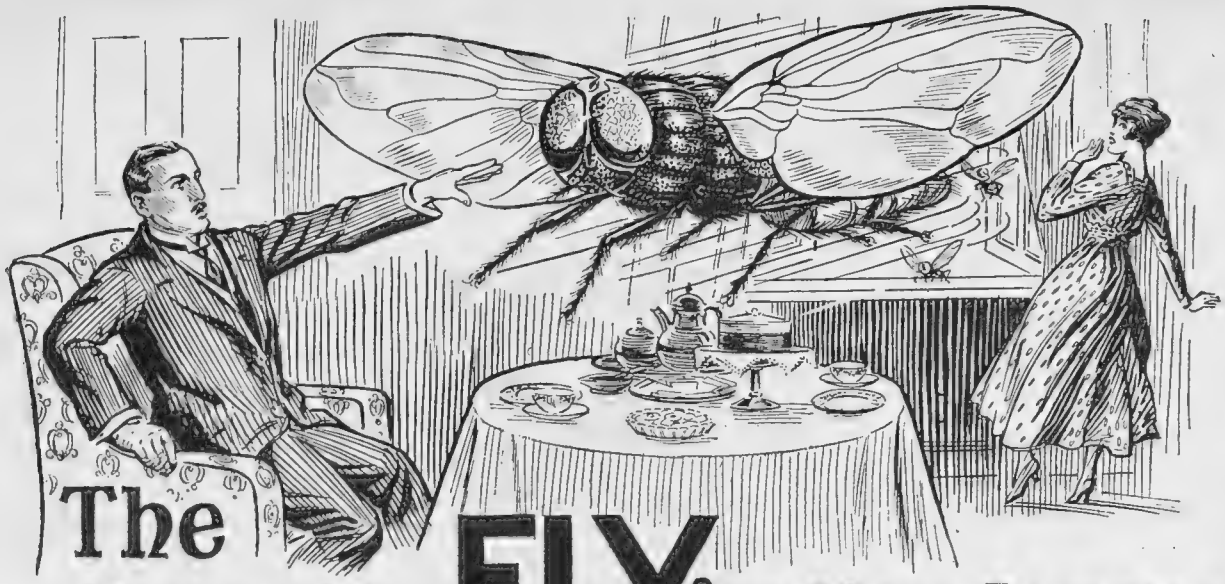
"The Maid With Wings"

Mr. E. B. Osborne's book, *The Maid With Wings* (Lane: 5*s.* net), is not, it is true, a novel, but you will probably come to the conclusion after reading his collection of fantasies that he could write a good novel if he chose. There is the leisurely air of the scholar over his pages, but of a scholar who is never pedantic and who never for long deserts the goddess of humour. A prettier piece of irony than "Simplified Spelling," wherein a mass meeting of words is held at the National Sporting Club to protest against their proposed simplification, could hardly be imagined. And "The Million-Pound Fight," in which the Governments of this country and the United States of America actively interest themselves in a boxing match between their two champions, might have been no more than a playful exaggeration had the war not come to give us something else to think about.

MRS. WESTALL MASON
To whom the author of the much-talked-of "Book of Artemas" has dedicated his work

"An Attempt at Life"

Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan's name will be familiar to a number of readers. In *An Attempt at Life* (Grant Richards: 5*s.* net) he publishes his first novel. And it is undoubtedly a good first novel It has distinction and an unusual atmosphere—in spite of the orthodoxy and plainness of its story. Mr. Sullivan differs from modern novelists. He is not voluminous. The simple love adventures of his scientific young student from the provinces make up a novel which, while short, is quite long enough. Things happen much as you expect, but you are not disappointed. The attempt at life is a picture, and Mr. Sullivan may be congratulated on his careful choice of canvas. R. S.



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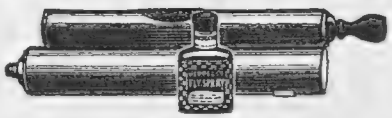

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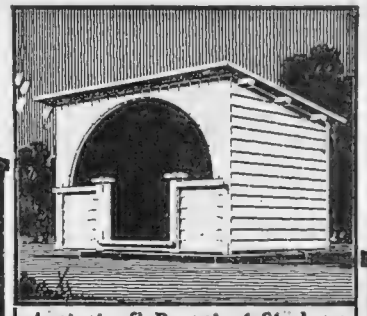

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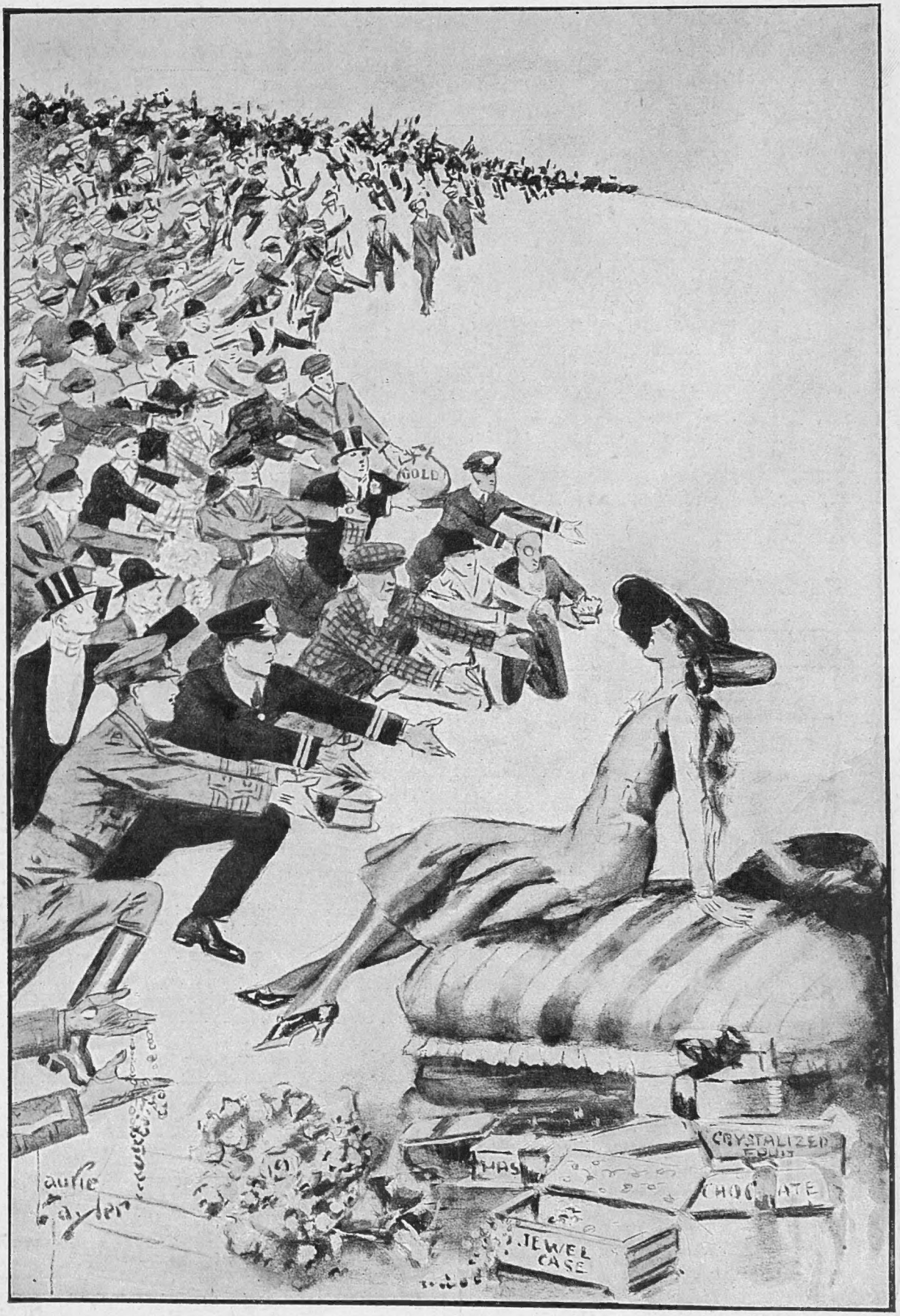

"IF I WERE THE ONLY GIRL IN THE WORLD"

"Much Virtue in IF" (SHAKESPEARE)

—and so singularly little virtue in most other things nowadays that THE BYSTANDER, fired by Touchstone's judicial and judicious remark, has determined to have an "IF" Number; and is going to publish it next week.

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There'd be no need of tinkers' hands,"

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For example, Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, whose drawings it is just possible you may have observed in previous issues of THE BYSTANDER, will, for the moment, desert the trenches to show you what he thinks would happen IF "Old Bill"—you remember "Old Bill," don't you?—were to essay the task of editing THE BYSTANDER. Our other artists have all vowed to produce works of incomparable humour, and you know what they *can* do if they try.

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IF the Censor is in a kindly mood, and
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These cigars (as illustrated) cost less than fivepence each. You cannot get a cheaper form of smoke, nor could you get a nicer smoke—TRY THEM! If your tobacconist does not supply we will send POST FREE, and return your money if you are not thoroughly pleased.

43/- per 100; 21/6 per 50.

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SIDNEY PULLINGER, Ltd., Cigar Importers, 41, Cannon Street, Birmingham.

SERBIAN CIGARETTES

Made of Finest Macedonian Tobacco,

and specially preparedaccording to the highest tests of Eastern connoisseurs.

EACH CIGARETTE TIPPED with the LEAF of a ROSE and DELICATELY PERFUMED ROSE and AMBAR.

Exquisitely Cool & Fragrant.

100 .	**17s. 6d.**	25 .	**4s. 6d.**
50 .	**8s. 9d.**	12 .	**2s. 6d.**

SEND **1s. 3d.** FOR SAMPLE BOX.

Unscented, **7s. 6d.** 100.; **3s. 9d.** 50; **2s. 0d.** 25.
Sample Box **7d.**

THE SERBIAN CIGARETTE CO., 25, REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.

Especially Recommended for those on Active Service

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The LEVER POCKET SELF-FILLER

"Three years ago when I joined Kitchener's First Army, I was presented with one of your Safety Fountain Pens. You will be interested to hear that up till last week—when I had the misfortune to lose it—it had been in constant use (during two years of Active Service in the trenches, many months on the Somme). I never found it go out of order, it was always ready to write, and many urgent messages have been written with it by officers to whom I have lent it. It had rough usage but never jibbed, and no one could wish for a better pen. The Waterman is a pen which is used by many on active service because of its simplicity and reliability, and I shall recommend it always."

— *Cpl., Worcestershire Regt., B.E.F., France.*)

Styles specially recommended for Army use, being extra strong and large: No. 14 P.S.F. (Self-Filler), **20/-**; Patent Clip Cap, **1/-** extra; No. 14s (Safety), **20/-**. Of Stationers and Jewellers. Booklet free from

L. G. Sloan, Ltd.,
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FOR REMOVING ALL SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
USE
DARA

THE RELIABLE HOME TREATMENT SURE, SAFE AND PAINLESS.

A CLIENT WRITES:—

Dear Madam,—I am so pleased to tell you the "Dara" treatment was quite a success, therefore there is no need to make any appointment with you. I must confess I had no faith in the "Dara" when sending for it, which makes my gratitude to you all the more real. I must thank you very much for your wonderful remedy, and remain, Yours gratefully, ———

(*Original of above and also other Testimonials, can be seen.*)

Remove Superfluous Hair Comfortably in your own Home.

Prices 10/6 & 21/6 (The larger size contains three times the amount of the smaller)

ADAIR GANESH ESTABLISHMENT,
92, NEW BOND STREET (Oxford St. End), LONDON, W.
Telephone—GERRARD 3782. Also PARIS & NEW YORK.

BRITISH MADE
"SALASPIN"
TRADE MARK
REPLACES GERMAN ASPIRIN

FOR NERVOUS HEADACHES.

The medical faculty knows and prescribes "Salaspin" for this and other nervous disabilities.

"SALASPIN" is the BRITISH Standardized remedy for all Nervous Pains. Purity and Quality guaranteed by the registered name "Salaspin."

All Chemists
1/- (25 tablets)
3/- (100 tablets)

Sole Makers:
T. KERFOOT & CO.,
Bardsley, Lancashire.

SAFETY

MOTOR CARS

(Private and Doctors')

REDUCTION
IN THE
COST OF INSURANCE.

It is but bare justice to the Motor Car Owner that the cost of Insurance should be reduced in a reasonable proportion to the restriction of the use of cars consequent upon Petrol shortage and Government Regulations.

THE EAGLE AND BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE COMPANY, Ltd.,

announce a new special policy for Motor Car Owners at heavily reduced premiums to meet the present new conditions, the Company taking the risk of the restrictions being removed or relaxed before the expiry of policies, which will be issued for 12 months.

This Special Policy applies only to Private and Doctors' Cars.

PREMIUMS for TWELVE MONTHS' POLICY

Covering Accidental Damage *(other than fire or theft)*, **Third Party Risk, Medical Expenses, Personal Accidents.**

Where Proposer's Petrol Licence has not been renewed	£3 15 0
Where Proposer's Petrol Licence is limited to not more than—	
(*a*) 10 gallons per month	4 0 0
(*b*) 20 gallons per month	5 10 0
(*c*) 25 gallons per month (applying only to cars of 20 h.p. and over)	8 0 0
(*d*) Over 25 gallons per month	**Rates on Application.**

Large Rebates to owners insuring two or more cars up to 40% of premiums.

Extra benefits covering every liability at slight percentage additions.

Substantial reductions to owners bearing proportion of claim up to 50% of total premium.

Special rates for Commercial Cars on application.

For proposal form, together with full detailed particulars, write

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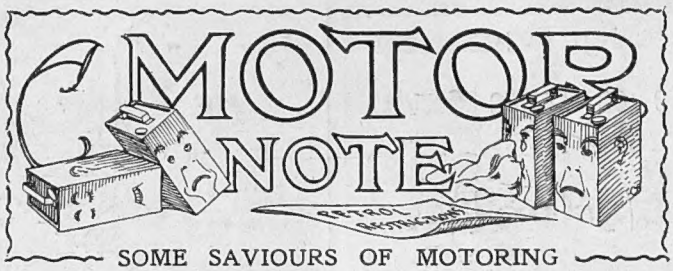

SOME SAVIOURS OF MOTORING

Gas

MORE coal gas, and not a little of the gas that is *not* a derivative of coal. If, indeed, coal gas is our salvation, as the quidnuncs assert, 90 per cent. of the motoring population look like being damned; and a considerable number of them are damned already. Regard coal gas as a temporary makeshift and you have it in proper perspective; regard it as "our salvation," and we must rewrite our dictionaries. It is *not* our salvation to-day because nine-tenths of us have no way of storing it; because we cannot carry enough of it if we had; and because appearances matter so much that we would rather not use a car than have a balloon on a specially built canopy, or a feather bed container rampant in our rear seat compartment, or a trailer for our gas if we happen to be in the runabout category. It is, of course, legitimate to prophesy about the compression of coal gas to possible dimensions, or its liquidation, or a number of other speculations; but that does not mean our salvation now. It only means hope in the future, and not a very lively hope at that.

* * *

Damned Already!

EXCEPT under conditions which grow more rigorously oppressive, we cannot get petrol, or fuel of any other sort—that is true enough; but it is also true that, except under conditions impossible to the majority of us, we cannot use coal gas. The char-à-banc, the commercial car, the public service vehicle, and a few of the more devil-may-care among the privateers, will represent about the totality of the coal gas *clientèle* until the prophecies come true. For the most of us it is a pretty hopeless form of salvation. Would it were not! I have a number nine size in yearnings to get out on the road again, but I must thug that yearning for the duration, if gas coal be the only alternative. I haven't the spirit of adventure sufficiently developed.

* * *

The Electric

ANOTHER form of suggested salvation is the electric vehicle. We have heard a lot about the electric vehicle over the past dozen years. Every year (except for the last three, during which we have had something more absorbing to interest us) we have been instructed that the electric car is just about to break up the dominion of the petrol vehicle and achieve an effective line in revolutions. Generally Thomas Edison is the name conjured with. The number of times we have heard of his discovery of the IT of batteries, the veritable goods in accumulators, the-thing-the-world's-been-gasping-for in storage chambers or something, is the nearest approach to legion I can think of for the moment. Somehow it never arrived, or, when it did, it did not quite fill the bill from some essential point of view; and we fell back upon the old petrol 'bus for all the world as if we had been considering steamers—another saviour that failed to save.

AMERICAN CAR OWNERS! With a C.A.V. British made BATTERY your lighting and starting troubles are ended. Write for details—C. A VANDERVELL and Co. (Ltd.), Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

MARVELLOUS ECONOMY IN LIGHTING.—Half your Petrol Saved and a better light by having Spensers' Patent Duplex Carburetter fixed to your lighting generator (works with motor petrol).—For particulars apply to SPENSERS, Ltd., 53b, South Molton St., W.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

THE SUPREME
SUNBEAM

after three years' service increases in value on the original retail price. This is convincing proof of Sunbeam quality

Note—OWNERS' CLAIMS
"Indistinguishable from brand new."
"Faultless car." "Mechanically perfect."

To-day Sunbeam productions are nobly upholding the reputation of British engineering skill as represented in Sunbeam cars and in

SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINES

These extracts are taken from the secondhand car advertisements appearing in Trade Papers

SUNBEAM, 12-16 h.p., 1914 late model, 5 detachable wheels, painted green, upholstered in green, sliding front seats, speedometer, clock, one-man hood, and is as new throughout, £595.

SUNBEAM, 12-16 h.p., 1914, September, 5 seater body with sliding front seats, 5 detachable wheels, clock, speedometer, small cupboard on dash, dash lamp, full equipment of tools, guaranteed, the whole car is indistinguishable from brand new, painted grey, £575.

SUNBEAM, 12-16 h.p., 1914, 5 seater, sliding front seats, perfect, £575.

SUNBEAM, 12-16 h.p., 1914, 5 seater, sliding front seats, speedometer, all instruments on polished mahogany board; this car has been very carefully used and is mechanically perfect, £550.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.
Manchester Showrooms - 106, Deansgate
Head Office and Works - Wolverhampton
London and District Agents for Cars:
J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond St. W. 1.